

CLARA BELLE.

She Tells Some Unprinted Gossip About the McAllister Baron.

How the Leader of the Four Hundred Whiles Away the Summer.

Entertaining Chat About All Sorts of People by One Who Knows.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD.)
New York, Aug. 17.—Where are we now? Well, we are variously scattered for August. Those of us who are Vanderbiltites, for instance, have bestowed ourselves chiefly at Newport, but not altogether for the Sloanes (one of the late William H. Vanderbilt's daughters, who is known as Mrs. Sloane) are up in Massachusetts at truly rural and extremely fashionable Lenox. There the Sloanes children indulge, with all the vim and vigor that the grace of average youngsters, in that new embellishment of the scholastic called "dancing in the barn." If you ever witnessed a performance of "The Old Home-land," you heard the vocalists of the company sing a song called "Dancing in the Barn." The air has been utilized for the singular round dance now suddenly in vogue. The movement consists of some ordinary scholastic revolutions, and then the couple loosen their hands, but retain connection by the encirclement of the girl's waist by the gentleman, while her arm will rest on his. They do not now face each other, but are side by side. Then they trot forward one long step and two short ones, again the same, after which the bit of regular scholastic interludes. If the trotting is rightly done the dancers bend forward and point their air-suspended toes in the middle of each of the long steps. Given persons almost always omit this ballet touch of grace, and are awkwardly conspicuous, but children frequently do it well, and none better than the Sloane granddaughters of William H. Vanderbilt. During adults at most of the Summer resorts are "dancing in the barn" with grotesque consequences, but once in a while some lily white belle does it in a slightly manner. At Lenox Branch a particularly singular and symmetrical example, who had figured for a month as a social belle from the West, was by her professional accomplishment identified as a member of a ballet. Her mother and chaperon proved to be from the rear line of the same company.

BOOTH OF HIS DIGNITY.
But we are wandering. The present important Vanderbiltites—Cornelius and William K.—are at Newport, and their town houses look dismal with boarded doors and windows. Edwin Booth is at Newport, too, and he was approached lately with the suggestion that he might set any price he chose to ask for a recitation at an Astor reception. The idea was broached to Booth's business agent by an intermediary, and it was hinted that, of course, he would be as much honored as any other guest, and he could speak his piece with no sign of embarrassment. Booth smokes a black meerschaum pipe yet in spite of his last Winter's vertigo, and his favorite beverage is rank old ale; but he is the soul of professional dignity. He has never since boyhood been an entertainer otherwise than in a drama, and I don't believe, rich as he is, that \$100,000 would hire him to give one drawing-room recitation.

Those of us who are Astors are at Newport, too, including the newest and unmarried John Jacob Astor. We call him Jack Astor, and wonder what girl will catch him for a husband. He is a magnificent matrimonial prize, and I could name a dozen girls of the Four Hundred who are out to win him. They don't love one another either.

"Oh, I must get to the Casino to see Jack Astor," one of them remarked. "That was the very last thing he said."

Being probably the very last thing he wished, was the other maiden's retort.

WARD McALLISTER'S DOMINION.
What is Ward McAllister doing this Summer? Did you imagine that the creator and savior of the Four Hundred was downed by his defeat of last Winter, in the right for control of the Central ball? Not so. He has taken an Austrian Baron in hand, and is sponsoring him at Tuxedo, Newport and Lenox. There was already a German Baron in the field. His name is actually Vergeissmichnicht, and I can't help wondering as I write whether in print it will escape running from one line over to the next. It really seems a pity to have to extend it by a single hyphen. He is a handsome young giant, who wears a mustache almost as light as his white flannel suit of the morning, or the expanse of his shirt front in evening dress. He is big enough for a whole regiment of the ordinary dancing man, and when the Baron Vergeissmichnicht takes the floor at the Newport Casino the whole place trembles. With one mighty belted hand he clasps his fair partner's waist; with the other he overwhelms her trim, tiny fingers, and then, with a sweep and velocity that is like the charge of Prussian cavalry the waltz whirls on.

"I thought," said one partner, as the waltz

ended, and Vergeissmichnicht dropped her into her seat, "that is would be like the Eiffel Tower."

"And it wasn't!"

"No. The Eiffel Tower is only Parisian. This was like the apotheosis in 'Faust'—a regular German heaven."

BARONS IN PLENTY.
Now, the crop of barons is confined to no one country. There are German, Austrian and French specimens at every big watering place in America, and Newport is always fully supplied with them. The representatives of the foreign legations here in Summer are only Washington as cosmopolitan as the general harmony and good will add to the attractiveness of this element. To be sure, that young giant of a Vergeissmichnicht is too essentially Prussian a type not to be attracted by no means friendly glances from the soldiers of the French warships as they strolled in their curious conception of what citizen's dress ought to be up and down Bellevue avenue, and it was an amusing contrast to see the little Frenchmen in their variegated suits and broad-brimmed hats of varied straw banded with pink or blue ribbon, looking up at the enormous German as he passed them in his cool white flannels. For Vergeissmichnicht certainly sums up in his own person all the characteristics of his blonde race, and when his shadow falls across the path of a moment in doubt, and like the beauties who have gone before him, the Baron will have his heart's desire. In the mean time, he is setting up an opposition to the Baron Vergeissmichnicht. Like rival beauties, one is fair, and one is dark. McAllister's Baron has a countenance that might be considered Mephistophelian but for its expression of good-nature. A man of forty, thick set, and less elegant than Austrians are apt to be, he waltzes however, as well as for a moment, his heart's desire to Strauss's music might well be expected to. His English is just defective enough to give him a cachet among belles who prefer foreigners to their own countrymen. His conversation is intelligent, and even witty. Altogether, McAllister's Baron is an agreeable man.

AFTER A SOJOURN AT MANHATTAN BEACH, the Austrian visitor was translated into Newport, and here it was that he received his first watchful Ward! Weary of launching beauties upon society, exhausted in his conflict with the obstinate Stuyvesant, he concluded to extend his wings over a baron. The result was never for a moment in doubt, and like the beauties who have gone before him, the Baron will have his heart's desire. In the mean time, he is setting up an opposition to the Baron Vergeissmichnicht. Like rival beauties, one is fair, and one is dark. McAllister's Baron has a countenance that might be considered Mephistophelian but for its expression of good-nature. A man of forty, thick set, and less elegant than Austrians are apt to be, he waltzes however, as well as for a moment, his heart's desire to Strauss's music might well be expected to. His English is just defective enough to give him a cachet among belles who prefer foreigners to their own countrymen. His conversation is intelligent, and even witty. Altogether, McAllister's Baron is an agreeable man.

WHY WOMEN WRITE THE BEST NOVELS.
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opportunity occurred. But how is this? "He fell at her feet and clasped her in his arms!" It seems incredible that any one could make such a mistake as that, and yet, although I cannot at the moment remember the name of the man who was pictured as performing this remarkable acrobatic feat, he figured in some book that would not be denominated as trashy.

A GOOD OUCH ON DIVORCE.

On a Long Branch boat I witnessed an incident which, if a woman should put it into a novel, would be pronounced an absurd bit of impossible invention. On trips in pleasant weather these vessels are overcrowded by passengers going to and from the Jersey Summer resorts. On this occasion there were no chairs for those who boarded the boat last, and among them was a Wall street man and his wife. There was good reason for gallantry on his part, because he was fifty years old and she was not more than twenty-five. Of course he was rich and she had married him for his money, but for all that I hold it to be a concession in a girl to marry a man twice her own age no matter how immense the pecuniary gain may be. Therefore I say that this half-centuryarian should never fail in polite deference to his quarter-centuryarian wife. Now this is what he did when he found that seats could not be obtained. He stood his wife against the deck-rail and recommended her to enjoy the scenery of the harbor while he went to the barber shop to get shaved. For a full hour, or during almost the whole sail from Sandy Hook to the latter, she was left alone, and she stood during the whole time. Just before the steamboat made fast at her city wharf here-joined her, clean shaven and refreshed, while she looked tired and fretful. As to what he had done during his absence I have the testimony of an unimpeachable witness. He went to the barber shop, as he had said no word, and at once got a seat in a chair. If reclining in a barber's couch is as comfortable as it looks, and, of course, if left out of the estimate of all the possibilities of torture by the razor, it is surely a restful experience, and this man should have thanked his luck for getting so luxurious a place for the ten to fifteen minutes of a legitimate shave. But when he got through, he looked at his watch and found that the operation had occupied precisely twelve minutes, and the charge would be twenty-five cents.

"Is there anybody waiting?" he asked of the boss barber.

"I guess we could let you stay in this chair," was the jocular reply, "if that is what you want."

"That is exactly the idea. I will pay a dollar and a quarter or the price of five twelve minutes shaves, just to remain in the chair."

The bargain was struck, the money was paid, and the old fraud lay there in the chair until he felt the engine whirled up on approaching the wharf. Then he hastened to his wife, and told her that he had been compelled to wait all that while for his turn in the barber shop. That ought to be ground enough for divorce.

A NEW FIELD FOR THE LADIES.

One after another the occupations deemed exclusive to men are opened to women, yet I was surprised to find a woman engaged as a bonner. I believe that is what the enforcer of order in a harbor or other masculine realm is called. Ex-prize-fighters are commonly hired for this duty, so I have read, and a gentleman tells me that in some cases a brand is practiced. That is to say, a man of big physique and determined visage, but really possessed of no muscle or skill to fit him for actual encounters, poses as an athlete capable of throwing a whole party of roisterers into the street, while for a fact he might be locked out by the smallest one of them. But this letter is devoted to femininity, and I set out to tell of a restaurant in Grand street where a woman is on guard. The place is a cheap dining-room in the immediate neighborhood of several large stores and factories in which girls are employed, and they go to this establishment in droves for their noonday luncheon. It is a commodious house, and three of its stories are fitted up with chairs and tables. As many as three or four hundred luncheon may be seated at once. Now, some of the tobacco workers and other factory girls are very lively in disposition and, after the restraint of several hours at work, are disposed to make the noon hour a time for jollity that often becomes boisterous. The proprietor of the restaurant was put to his wits and how to deal with the disorder. He felt the engine whirled up on approaching the wharf. Then he hastened to his wife, and told her that he had been compelled to wait all that while for his turn in the barber shop. That ought to be ground enough for divorce.

Benny—Read the rest of it, grandpa. Perhaps he crumbles about red ants or something.

The Difference.

Fatty Spacer—Where are your family this Summer, Deaque?

Ed Deaque—They're stopping at a little hamlet down on Long Island.

Spacer—And you?

Deaque—I'm boarding at a little ham and egglet on Park Row.

Didn't Look It.

Mrs. Tufts—Look, Maud! Do you see that gentleman over there, smoking a cigarette? He's a real live French nobleman.

Maud (who reads the funny column)—Why, he don't look like a barber!

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As the gentlemen left the house, it was observed that they agreed that the baron was of the stuff of which money kings are made, and had adopted him as an acquisition to their brain power as well as their financial sway.

For several days the baron was invisible to the De Lands. He sent down excuses to the effect that he was both recuperating and giving some attention to the enormous pressure on him caused by the recent crisis in his affairs. Meantime Miss Marie was greatly dispirited and depressed. She felt that she had been cruelly insulted, but even more by the baron's silence than his rash wagger. The wagger, after all, was a compliment to her; and when she asked her father if he intended to hold her to it, he merely asked in reply if she would have held the baron to his contract had he lost and sent him out in the world a beggar.

One day, to soothe her wounded feelings, comparatively small money, may soon be able to compete with the 'Big Four,' or compel them to let us in the Trust. Further, the market of England is controlled by not more than fourteen men, and that is the reason why foreign shipments of cattle are invariably made at a loss. Whenever

CHAPTER X.

"We can buy cheaply the rich lands of the South," resumed the Baron. "We can stock our new ranch with small purchases among the farmers who are, at this season of the year, on account of the scarcity of fodder, selling at from \$5 to \$10 per head, and, for

the latest crop of jokes.

SOME OF THE FUNNY THOUGHTS THAT OCCUR TO THE JOKEERS.

So Kind. (From Poet.)

(Bentwhistle has placed the picnic basket under the hedge to keep it cool.)

Mrs. Bentwhistle—How thoughtful of William! He's even brought along two cornucopias of candy for the children.

Circumstances Differ. (From the Boston Herald.)

Rob—I say, Sam, why did you jilt her? Sam—Oh, hang it, she lipped!

"Well, that is a charming defect in a pretty girl."

"If you heard her say 'I love you,' instead of 'I love you,' you wouldn't wonder."

"Why, I never had any difficulty that way. She always used to call me darling Rob."

Another Evil. (From Poet.)

Visitor (at Squashburg)—Have you ever had the cholera or yellow fever here?

Native—No; but a malignant regiment camped here a couple of summers ago.

Non-Resistant. (From the Detroit Free Press.)

"Let's go and I play mind reading," said the first little girl as they stood at the gate.

"Oh, no," replied the second.

"But why?"

"Because mamma doesn't want me to, and besides I know all what is going on, anyhow."

You've got a new bird girl, your mother is having an old dress made over, your sister's head has gone back on her and your father stayed out all night the other night."

How They Grow.

Merchant—Can you bring me a few bushels of green peas this morning?

Dokota Gardener—Not this mornin'. My peas war' jest blossomin' when I left home an' hour ago. But of that 'ar cloud drops an' inch or two so 'er keep open the sun I'll be here with a load this afternoon.

A Terrible Fit. (From Poet.)

Skaggs—A man had a fit on the sidewalk in front of Bagge's tailor-shop to-day.

Wiggs—I had a terrible fit inside that shop myself about a month ago.

"Is that so? Was it an epileptic fit?"

"No; misfit. Those bags that I'm wearing for trousers were part of it."

The Prince of Montrose, en Route. (From Poet.)

The President (reading a letter from Russia)—"Last night I slept in Windsor Castle, where the Queen lives." "H'm. Your uncle must be careful, Benny, or he will lose us the Irish vote."

Benny—Read the rest of it, grandpa. Perhaps he crumbles about red ants or something.

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